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LIFE OF ARTHUR YOUNG, THE CELEBRATED AGRICULTURALIST.

[From the Annual Biography and Obituary.]

Arthur Young, the subject of the present memoir, was a man whose life and labours were intimately connected with the agriculture of Great Britain. He was born September 7th, 1741, and was a native of Suffolk. His father, Arthur Young, D. D. had been a prebendary of Canterbury, and rector of Bradfield, in that county. While in the commission of the peace, he became a very active magistrate, and appears to have been chaplain to the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow, at the time he presided in the chair of the House of Commons Arthur, to whom the speaker was god-father, after receiving a tolerably good education, had his fortune to seek; for the chief part of his father's income was professional, and of course became extinct at his death, which occurred in 1761. The youth was accordingly intended for business, and apprenticed to a wine merchant, at Lynn, in Norfolk; but, alas! although he was not averse, at any period of his life, from a glass of generous liquor, yet this occupation did not prove congenial to his feelings. He was now residing in a county, recently improved by the introduction of turnip husbandry, and he could not look around him without beholding the manifold advantages arising out of the new system. So much was he smitten with the love of agriculture, that, when only twenty years of age, he bid adieu to all mercantile concerns, and determined to commence farmer on a small paternal estate, which had become the jointure of his mother. This was called Bradfield Hall, situate in the county of Suffolk, and he appears, on this occasion, to have formed a kind of joint-stock company with the rest of the family, as the profits were to be laid by, and divided for the good of all. But the subject of this me-

moir was too young, and too unsteady, to reap those common advantages usually derived from patient labour and industry, by those of a far inferior capacity. He delighted in experiments; he speculated on future crops; he overlooked immediate and obvious advantages; in fine, he forgot the past, neglected the present, and consoled himself with the future. Family disputes ensued, and all those ills that usually accompany unsuccessful efforts. At length his mother interposed, and this improvident young man (for so he appeared at this time to all) now found it necessary to remove from the paternal mansion. Yet, although nearly ruined in the pursuit, agriculture was still dear to him. The turnip husbandry, the row culture, irrigation, and all the new improvements, floated in his mind by day, and haunted his dreams by night. In short, he determined once more to become a farmer; and as he was now to pay rent for the first time, he determined to exercise all the kindred virtues of economy, industry and perseverance. He accordingly hired a farm in the county of Essex, known by the name of Sampford Hall. On this occasion he had the promise of a sum of money, which was to be advanced him by way of loan. But, like most other promises, this proved unavailing, and he was obliged not only to forfeit his agreement, but also to lose a small deposit, which he had advanced on this occasion. Disappointed, yet still undaunted, Mr. Young determined on the romantic scheme of travelling over England in search of land, suitable to his views and circumstances. This project proved, as may be easily supposed, wholly unsuccessful; but great advantages were derived both to himself and the public, from his rural excursions. He now learned to estimate the labours of others; to discover what had already been effected; and to guess at what was still wanting to complete the national system of agricultural pros-

perity. It was in the course of these journeys also, that he formed the original and interesting plan of making a survey of the whole of South Britain, so far at least as was connected with its husbandry, improvements, and capabilities. This project was afterwards accomplished in part. At length he heard, by accident, of a farm to be let, in the county of Hertford. There he settled during a period of many years; and, wonderful to relate, the man who was so capable of estimating soils, and pointing out the advantages to be derived from a genial and appropriate situation, on this occasion pitched upon a spot, which possessed but few of those advantages, and was not likely to reward the efforts of our sanguine experimenter.

The farm in question was situated near North Mimms; and here, instead of pursuing the ordinary rotation of crops, alterations and improvements were chiefly attended to. Nine long years proved highly detrimental to the fortune of our young agriculturist; but here he acquired that species of knowledge, that, at a future time, became highly interesting, and advantageous in no common degree to the public.

All his money being now expended, he returned, somewhat in disgust, to his hereditary residence at Bradfield Hall.

About this period his mother died. She appears to have been an excellent woman, and to have loved her son with no common degree of affection. All incumbrances being removed by her decease, he now came as heir-at law into possession of his little patrimony; and it was from this moment in his power to be independent for life. Bidding adieu for a time to experiments at his own cost, Mr. Young commenced author, and undertook to teach others. He also resolved to travel, and thus afford a greater scope to his speculations. Accordingly, during the years 1776, 1777, 1778, and 1779, he made different

towers in Ireland, and thus attracted the notice of the landed gentlemen of that country.

Among other great proprietors, the late lord Kingsborough determined to avail himself of his reputation and abilities. He accordingly visited that nobleman, and remained upwards of a year in the county of Cerk, for the express purpose of regulating and arranging the extensive estates appertaining to his lordship. As may be readily believed, they were in a state bordering on ruin; but under the care and inspection of the subject of this memoir, the farms were divided, the lands were leased, the cottages were repaired, and every thing settled and established, as nearly as possible, according to the best English models. It was impossible, however, to extirpate the *Middle-man*, that constant and perpetual bane both to civilization and improvement. We believe, indeed, that this has never been completely effected, but in the estates originally purchased by the famous Sir William Petty. And it must be here mentioned to the credit of his descendant, the first marquis of Lansdown, that he undertook and completed that noble plan, so advantageous both to the landlord and the peasant, by which none but real occupants were ever permitted to rent a single acre of his lands. To the credit of his two sons, they have both persevered in this advantageous measure; and it is to be hoped that the beneficial effects are at once so plain and so efficacious, that all the great landed proprietors of Ireland will at length adopt a similar conduct.

In 1770, Mr. Young published his "Farmer's Calendar," which has now passed through many editions. But it was not till 1784, that he commenced the "Annals of Agriculture." This was published in monthly numbers, which were continued uninterruptedly for many years, until they at length formed a long series of volumes. A variety of original papers were expressly written by himself, and he was not a little assisted on this occasion by his friends. Among his correspondents were many nobleman, several practical farmers, and a royal personage, the last of whom enriched his collection with no fewer than seven different communications,

under the feigned name of "Ralph Robinson of Windsor." His late majesty, who was greatly attached to agriculture in all its different branches, on this occasion undertook to describe the new and successful system pursued by Mr. Ducket, in his own immediate vicinity. It was some time before the editor discovered the high rank of his coadjutor; and, although the political principles of Mr. Young were supposed, at this period, not to be exactly in accordance with the views of the monarch, yet we have some reason to suppose that this intercourse did not prove altogether unuseful at a future period, when the assent of the king became necessary to the advancement of our author.

A grand agricultural excursion, on an immense scale, had for a long while occupied the imagination of the subject of the present memoir. This was no other than an accurate and actual survey of the territory of France, during which he should be able to make a comparative estimate of the soil, climate, and cultivation of that rich and fertile portion of Europe, when viewed in immediate competition with England. His first excursion was undertaken under the immediate auspices, and in consequence of the express invitation of Monsieur Lazo wski and the duke De la Rochefoucault. In company with these noblemen, he journeyed through the south of France, and actually reached the base of the Pyrenees.

At that period the revolution, although fast approaching, was not yet distinctly foreseen; such an event was indeed anticipated, and no one hailed it with louder *paeans* than Mr. Young himself. This moment proved eminently favourable to statistical inquiries; and he entered into them with all that zeal and ardour which an enthusiastical passion for matters of this kind constantly elicited in his ardent bosom. Our traveller returned in the course of 1778; but his stay was short. His last tour was made in 1789. On this occasion he resided for a considerable time in Paris, at the hotel of the duke De la Rochefoucault, where he was treated with every possible attention. The revolution, which had hitherto appeared as a probable but distant specula-

tion, was by this time not only disclosed, but, in some measure completed. The army had turned on its chiefs; a national assembly was formed; great and distinguished popular leaders agitated the whole kingdom by declamatory speeches; while a captive king subscribed, sometimes voluntarily, and sometimes with reluctance, to all the conditions imposed upon him.

On his return, Mr. Young published a quarto volume, containing a variety of novel and interesting intelligence concerning the husbandry, the soil, the customs and practice, and, in short, every thing relative to the agriculture of France. This work was purchased with eagerness, and read with avidity; so that a second edition was soon demanded. By this time the political opinions of Mr. Young appeared to have undergone a change; and, instead of finding any thing favourable to the popular doctrines then so prevalent in France, we now perceive a contrary tendency prevailing throughout every page of the text. This sudden change of opinions called forth the animadversions of his enemies; but he bade them defiance; and while they pointed to his expectations, he put his hand on his breast, and appealed to his conscience.

About this period a Board, which had agriculture for its primary, and, indeed, sole object, was about to be instituted. This was a boon which Mr. Pitt thought fit to concede to the landed interest. Sir John Sinclair was its first president, and Mr. Young was nominated secretary, with a salary, first of five, and then of six hundred a-year. Notwithstanding his talents, his pursuits, and his industry all pointed him out as the fittest man in the kingdom for such an appointment, yet so little conscious was he, either of his deserts or his influence, that we have heard the baronet say, when he hinted at the possibility of such a nomination, Mr. Young, in the true tone and spirit of authorship, offered to bet a set of his "Annals of Agriculture" against the "Statistical Account of Scotland," that such an event would never take place.

Our author now exercised an employment which gratified the utmost wishes of his heart; he was almost

constantly at the desk; and he composed many original works for the express purpose of acquiring reputation for, and forwarding the business of, this new and interesting institution. Several clerks under him, among whom we recollect one with a title, were employed in forwarding the public business, and advancing the interests of our national agriculture. Independently of transacting the mere duties of a secretary, he drew up and published several reports respecting the state of the waste lands in various parts of the kingdom. He was a great friend to enclosure bills, and eminently desirous to obtain an act of parliament for passing them without fees; but here, alas! private interest interposed against the public welfare, and he accordingly failed in realizing one of the darling wishes of his heart. About this time he also drew up and published dissertations on the present agricultural state of the two counties of Suffolk and Lincoln. These originated in actual and personal surveys, made under his own immediate inspection; and it ought not here to be omitted, that in 1803 and 1806 he published two reports on the counties of Norfolk and Essex. Under his management, the Board of Agriculture directed its attention to many important objects of rural economy. Whenever a deficiency appeared in a staple article, or any thing useful for the consumption of man, endeavours were instantly made to supply the want likely to be occasioned by it. Knowing that mankind, from an habitual indolence, seldom or ever deviate from the beaten track of practice, he stimulated them to new experiments and new modes of husbandry, by means of premiums. It is lamentable, however, to add, that during the late contests about the corn-laws this Board actually became unpopular. The street in which it was situated was visited by a vindictive mob, outrageous against a monopoly in wheat so advantageous to their landed interest, but so hostile to manufacturers and all other persons in the kingdom. In consequence of this, the very name was taken from the door, and the brass plate has not since been replaced.

Mr. Young had married early in life. In 1797 he had the misfor-

tune to lose his youngest daughter, at the age of fourteen. Being a charming child, she was a favourite in no ordinary degree with her father, to whose mind this loss gave a melancholy and sombre tint for the remainder of his life. In addition to this, another unlucky event occurred. His eye-sight now began to fail, and he soon became incapable of either reading or writing without great difficulty. In 1807 he was obliged to recur, for the first time, to the aid of an amanuensis: in 1811 he was prevailed upon to be couched, but the operation proved ineffectual, and, indeed, detrimental to no common extent; for he was now rendered totally blind. Notwithstanding this, the business of the Board of Agriculture was never suffered to stand still; for his acute and intelligent mind continually embraced the whole circle of his duties. At length he was carried off in consequence of a very trifling event. Almost, if not wholly unknown to himself, he was subject to certain calculous concretions, which, however, affected him but little. Happening one day to sit on a lower seat than usual, the sudden jerk produced the descent of a stone of considerable magnitude; a suppression ensued, and he soon after ceased to exist. Thus died on the 20th of February, 1820, Arthur Young, who has left behind him a name, so far as the rural economy of Great Britain is concerned, inferior to that of no man in the kingdom. His labours, if candidly appreciated, will be found to have been eminently beneficial to the prosperity of his native country. As a writer he was rather expeditious than elegant; but he contrived to render his meaning plain, and his object perspicuous. When the odious commerce in slaves became an object of just and general indignation, he took a distinguished part against that horrible traffic in our fellow-creatures; and thus at once evinced his humanity and independence.

In respect to politics, his conduct for some time vacillated with the memorable events of the day. The French revolution, and the horrors consequent to it, perpetrated by a Murat and Robespierre, were sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, and it is not at all to be wondered that our author should express his

detestation with his customary zeal and energy. But it is not a little remarkable, that, in respect to the domestic politics of this country, towards the latter end of his existence, he felt, and spoke, and would, if necessary, have acted, precisely in the same manner that he had done in the early period of his life. Of late years, too, he had imbibed certain singular notions of his religious duties, some of which he exercised occasionally, and, at times, when it was not to be expected of him. In conversation he was intelligent, abounding with information of various kinds; and no one ever retired uninstructed, after passing an evening in his company. But it was objected by some, that his manner was somewhat too magisterial, and his language too dictatorial, while his mode of expression, perhaps, bordered on the offensive. At other periods, and on other subjects, unconnected with his professional avocations, he was familiar, jocular, and engaging; in fine, he proved eminently serviceable to the island in which he was born, so that his little peculiarities (and he had, perhaps, fewer of a dangerous or disagreeable tendency than most men) have already been forgotten, or are, rather, merged in his patriotism and public virtues. But, after all, it is as a professor of rural economy that his name will be transmitted, both with gratitude and admiration to posterity.

Let it be recollected that, in one publication alone, by strongly enforcing the folly of bounties, in certain cases, the sum of 40,000*l.* per annum was saved to this country. His private experiments, also, though ruinous to himself, proved highly beneficial to the public. The rock on which he was shipwrecked, at an early period of life, before time had matured his judgment, served to warn the young and the inexperienced against similar dangers. On the other hand, the new modes pointed out, the numerous improvements elicited, the various plans demonstrated to be at once easy, practical and advantageous, proved sources of wealth to individuals, and of prosperity to the nation. He was a patriot in the best sense of the word. By the extension of the breed of fine woolled sheep, upon all suitable soils, he, in part, effected the

noble objects of liberating our woollen manufactures from a precarious dependence on the Merino breed and numerous sheep walks of the Peninsula. Another great object was the general substitution of oxen for horses; of oxen which, after labouring for the advantage of man, at length becomes his food; while, on the contrary, the horse, after a few years of toil, during which he consumes the produce of several acres, is thrown to the dog-kennel, or becomes a prey to the vilest of animals. On this occasion, he was sanctioned by the authority of a royal correspondent under the name of "Ralph Robinson of Windsor," who himself followed this practice at his farms in and adjoining the Great Park. Although not an original discoverer—for Tull and Ellis had long preceded him, while many able and competent men were both his coadjutors and contemporaries—Mr. Young, however, had the merit to extend the circle of human knowledge, and the taste and good fortune to make that knowledge obvious to all. In no country were his merits better estimated than in France; but there is scarcely a city on the continents either of Europe or America, that did not pay some tribute to his talents.

Thus the economical and agricultural societies established at Berne, Zurich, Manheim, Celle, Florence, Milan, Copenhagen, Brussels, New York, Philadelphia, and Vienna, all sent him their diplomas.

About the year 1790, Mr. Young commenced a grand national work, on the elements and practice of agriculture, arising out of the experiments of half a century. So various were his writings that they embrace politics, morals, and theology. In the last of these he was somewhat mystical; but his opinions, however odd or eccentric, never soured his mind or diminished his benevolence. He has left behind him an only son, the Rev. Arthur Young, who, after receiving an excellent education at the University of Cambridge, entered into holy orders, and obtained some ecclesiastical preferment in his native county. On the trial of Arthur O'Connor, and some other Irishmen, at Maidstone, in Kent, a few years ago, he wrote a letter, which, having come into the possession of Mr. Capel Loft, a

barrister, and a magistrate, residing at Bury St Edmunds, in the county of Suffolk, that gentleman transmitted it to the presiding judge, who gave orders to strike off from the list of jurors all the persons dwelling in the same hundred with the Rev. divine. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that this gentleman has since been engaged in nobler occupations. Imitating the career of his respected father, he has addicted himself to the cultivation of the arts connected with rural economy. Accordingly, in 1807, he published a general report on enclosures; and, in 1808, he undertook and completed a survey of the agriculture of the county of Sussex. There is somewhat of romance, indeed, connected with his plans and proceedings as a farmer. Such was his zeal for improvement that, not content with the narrow circuit of his native country, and the circumjacent islands, "studded like jewels in the silver sea," he actually repaired to the Crimea, where he purchased many thousands of acres, most advantageously situated in that fertile and extensive country. As an inducement to British emigrants he informed them that no tax-gatherer is ever seen within those blessed regions, where corn grows almost spontaneously, and requires but little aid from the labours of man. We believe, however, that this scheme, hopeful and promising as it first appeared to the ardent imagination of a young man, has either failed in whole or in part. But, by the death of his father, he will inherit some property both patrimonial and acquired.

Here follows a list of the works of the late Arthur Young, F.R.S., so far as they can be collected; for so numerous were his literary labours, that the names of some of them were actually unknown to himself:—

1. The Farmer's Letters, 8vo. third edition. 1767.
2. The Southern Tour, 8vo. third edition. 1768.
3. The Northern Tour, 8vo. second edition. 1769.
4. The Expediency of a Free Export of Corn. 1769.
5. The Eastern Tour, 8vo. 1771.

The three Tours were translated into Russian, by the express order

of her imperial majesty the empress Catharine.

6. Proposals to the Legislature, for Numbering the People. 1771.

7. Rural Economy, containing the Memoirs of a celebrated Swiss Farmer, 8vo. 1772.

8. Observations on the present State of the Waste Lands. 1773.

9. Political Arithmetic, 8vo. 1774.

10. A Tour in Ireland, 8vo. 2 vols. second edition. 1776.

11. Annals of Agriculture, first published in 1784. 45 vols. 8vo. Price 25*l.*

In the 15th volume of the "Annals," is an interesting account, drawn up by himself, of his life to that period. In the 27th volume of the same work, is an account of his first appointment as secretary to the Board of Agriculture, and the turn it gave to his future life, as he had just before purchased 4000 acres of waste land in Knaresborough Forest.

12. The Question of Wool stated. 1787.

13. A speech that might have been spoken. 1788.

14. Travels in France, Spain, and Italy, 2 vols. 4to. second edition. 1791.

15. The Example of France a Warning to Britain, 8vo. fourth edition. 1792.

And various publications printed by the Board of Agriculture.

We cannot take leave of this celebrated agriculturist, without giving a few specimens of his plain and perspicuous style. They are extracted from the tenth edition of his "Farmer's Calendar," a book in general estimation:—

Advertisement.—Gardeners have found great use in calendars of their necessary work for every month in the year; and, if the two employments of the farmer and the gardener be well considered, it will appear that the former wants such a remembrance, at least as much as his brethren in the garden.

"At the beginning of every month, a good farmer, whether he has or has not a book of this sort, is obliged to reflect on the work he has to perform in that month: he ought to foresee the whole at once, or it is impossible he should make a proper provision for its due performance. I leave it to any one to judge, if such an estimate of monthly busi-

ness can be gained so easily, completely, or systematically, without such an assistance to the memory as is afforded by this volume; and, even if a book of this sort but once in a year gives intimation of some important work, which might otherwise have been forgotten, its worth must be acknowledged.

"In respect to the calendars which had appeared previously to this publication, they were very slight and imperfect sketches, generally nothing but additions to other books; and their authors omitted at least as many useful articles as they inserted."

We shall, at a venture, make two or three extracts from the month of April:—

"*Barley*.—The barley crops not sown in March, should be in the ground by the middle of this month. The land I suppose to lie as thrown up in the autumn before; so that whenever sown, it is (on the old ploughing system) on the spring earth. This supposition is necessary; because, if there had been previous ploughings in March, or in the end of February, the seed should have been sown then; excepting, however, turnip-land, that broke up at first too rough to be sown, which will sometimes happen. The farmers, in some parts of the kingdom, will put off their sowing till the last week in this month, and the first or second of May, for the sake of gaining time for giving three spring earths; but they lose more by far from late sowing, than they gain by making their land fine. If clover is a principal object, and they had not the land fine enough before, delays must be made; but if so, that can scarcely be owing to any thing but bad husbandry: for such events should be had in view, and the tillage given before winter, on lands not cropped with plants that stand till the spring. The utmost exertions of good husbandry should be made to reconcile jarring circumstances, when they cannot be totally prevented.

"But in the modern system of avoiding spring ploughings, with a care proportioned to the heaviness of the soil, the main reliance is on frosts for pulverisation, and the object is to keep the surface so gained, for the seed to be deposited in it. If the weather was unfavourable

for sowing in March, or, being favourable, the breadth was too great to allow the operation to be finished, and if weeds appeared in the lands laid up for barley, it is to be supposed that they were of course destroyed by the scrollers; and this month the sowing must be finished, whether broad-cast or by drilling. In the latter case, the directions relative to the right breadth of the ridges should have been very attentively executed. The young farmer must have it carefully in memory, that as the summer approaches, with hot suns at intervals, any degree of poaching, or daubing, or trampling, becomes more and more fatal; for the sun binds whatever earth was touched in too wet a state. This caution has little to do with the occupiers of sand, much of which wants adhesion to be given it by art; but here, again, if such land has been amply clayed, it will sometimes be apt to set, to bind with heavy rains, so that the temper of it should always be examined before the teams at this season are permitted to go on it."

"*Buck-wheat*.—The lands designed for buck wheat in May or in June, should be well tilled this month, ploughed and harrowed well at least once. It is not necessary for that grain, but for the grasses which should be sown with it, and for the important object of making all the seed-weeds grow, in order to kill them by the following tillage. This April preparation marking the land for buck-wheat. I shall therefore take this opportunity to advise the farmers in general to try this crop. Nineteen parishes out of twenty, through the kingdom know it only by name. It has numerous excellencies, perhaps as many, to good farmers, as any other grain or pulse in use. It is of an enriching nature, having the quality of preparing for wheat or any other crop. One bushel sows an acre of land well, which is but a fourth of the expense of seed barley. It should not be sown till the end of May. This is important; for it gives time in the spring to kill all the seed-weeds in the ground, and brings no disagreeable necessity, from bad weather in March or April, to sow barley, &c. so late as to hazard the crop. It is as valuable as barley: where it is known, it sells

at the same price; and, for fattening hogs and poultry, it equals it. It is, further, the best of all crops for sowing grass-seeds with, giving them the same shelter as barley or oats, without robbing."

"*Lettuces for hogs*.—If the stock of swine be large, it is proper to drill half an acre or an acre of lettuce this month. The land should have been well manured and ploughed before the Christmas frosts, into ridges of the size that suits the drill machine. It should also have been sculled in February, and again in March, and well harrowed; and this repeated before drilling. The rows should be equi-distant, one foot asunder.

"The crop which was drilled in March (a succession being essentially necessary) should now be thinned in the rows, by hand, to about nine or ten inches asunder. If this necessary attention be neglected, the plants draw themselves up weak and poor, and will not recover it. Women do this business as well as men. When about six inches high, they should be horsehoed with a scarifier or scuffer, with the hoe about four inches, or at most five, wide."

"*Siberian melilot*.—The *melilotus alba Sibyrica*, from Mons. Thouin, at the King's garden at Paris, makes, in the garden of Mons. Faugeras de St. Fond, a most superb figure. Nobody can view its prodigious luxuriance, without commanding the thought of cultivating it for cattle. The *coronilla varia* is a common plant here, and of such luxuriance, that it is hardly to be destroyed. The *hedsarum coronarium* does well here. From this hint (which I extract from my own Travels) I introduced the culture of the meliot in my experiment ground, and found it an object much deserving attention."

"*Yellow-blossomed vetch* (*Lathyrus pratensis*).—This is a very common plant in many pastures and meadows, and much deserves the attention of the experimental farmer. I have made various attempts to cultivate it, but not with the success I could wish; resulting, in a good measure, from the seed being attacked by an insect, which damages much of it. It does well by transplantation, but the method is too expensive.

"Coronilla varia."—Another plant which we shall, some time or other, see in common cultivation, and well merits a careful attention. It roots like couch, and is extremely difficult to destroy. I thought I had clean rooted up a bed of it, for transplantation into a larger piece of ground; but it came again the year following almost as luxuriant as ever.

"Since this passage was written, I extended my cultivation of this plant, &c. giving it in the soiling way to some cattle and horses in a farm-yard, to which hogs had access. I was soon informed that they were taken ill, which ended in the death of one or two. Not thinking it likely to be occasioned by their eating this plant, I supposed that it might be occasioned by some unknown cause; but I determined to watch them carefully the following year, when my crop of coronilla should be mown; and this being done, the very same result took place: the hogs were ill, and one or two died. This circumstance, to my great mortification, rendered it necessary to give up all thought of further cultivating this plant, as it is not easy so to depend on the carefulness of servants, as to rely on the safety of the swine during the consumption of the crop; but the plant well deserves the attention of any cultivator who either keeps no swine, or has them at all times locked securely in a safe system of yards and styes; the produce of the plant being very great."

LUCCOCK'S NOTES ON RIO JANEIRO, &c.

Funerals in Rio.—The body was conveyed through the streets in a sort of open litter, or rather tray, covered with black velvet, ornamented with gold lace, and furnished, like European coffins, with eight handles. The tray or bier is about two feet and a half wide, six long, and from six to eight inches deep, so that the body, when laid upon the back, is fully exposed to view. As in this warm climate, the muscles do not become rigid, and as funerals take place within a few hours of the last scene of life, the corpse, as it is carried along, either by the hand or on men's shoulders, has a considerable degree of motion, which greatly resembles what might be expected from a living subject in the

lowest state of debility. It is conveyed, also, not with that slow and solemn pace, and orderly procession, which seem best to agree with deep rooted sorrow, but in an indecent hurry, a sort of half-run, attended with loud talking, and a coarse air of joy. The shattered remains of man are decked out in all the gaudy trappings of a galahay; the face painted, the hair powdered, the head adorned with a wreath of flowers or a metallic crown; the finery being limited only by the ability of surviving friends to procure it."—"At the church-door the corpse was laid down, and continued for some time exposed to public view. It had not acquired that cadaverous appearance which dead bodies usually assume with us; for, indeed, disease is here so rapid in its operation, and interment so quickly follows death, as to prevent it.

This exposure of the body, in a country where assassination is much too common, appeared to me an excellent custom; it gave the surrounding multitude an opportunity of ascertaining whether the deceased came to his end by a natural process, or by violence—unless poison might have been so administered as to excite no suspicion, or a wound might be concealed under the gaudy array. At all events, it renders the concealment of murder more difficult than it otherwise would be. In due time, the priests receive the body, perform over it the rites of the church, and deliver it to those who are charged with the ultimate ceremonies. By these men I saw a body, the dress and ornaments of which were unusually rich, entirely stripped of them; and the work was done so coolly as to demonstrate that the men either had a right to do so, or had been long accustomed to do ill. In general, the trappings are only cut or torn from the bier to which they have been fastened, in order to keep the corpse from rolling over; it is then tumbled into the grave, which, for white people, is always within some sacred building; a quantity of quicklime and the earth are thrown in, and the whole beaten down with huge wooden stampers. This last circumstance appeared to me more inhuman and shocking than any I had ever witnessed at an interment,

and I even thought it not many degrees short of cannibalism itself."

Royal Chapel.—"The orchestra is well supplied, and the music admirable; but its effect is not a little counteracted by a circumstance which has often excited the risible faculties of heretics. Directly in front, and below the railing of the orchestra, is a well carved figure, much like what in England is called a Saracen's head. The face expresses wonder, rage and consternation, or rather a sort of suppressed ferocity. Its eyes are large and glaring, and fixed so directly upon the small crucifix which stands on the altar, that no one can mistake their object. The mouth is coarse and open, containing a concealed pipe, which communicates with the organ. In the more pathetic parts of the mass, and particularly at the elevation of the Host, the key of this pipe is touched, and the head utters a dismal groan, expressive of the horror which infidels must feel on such an occasion. Whatever may be thought of the conceit, such mummery cannot be Christian worship."

Lawyers.—"The generality were dressed in old, rusty black coats, some of them well patched, and so ill adapted to the height and form of the wearers, as to excite a suspicion that they were not the first who owned them. Their waistcoats were of gayer colours, with long embroidered bodies, large flaps and deep pockets. Their breeches were black, so short as scarcely to reach either to the loins or the knees, where they were fastened with square buckles of mock brilliants; their stockings of home spun cotton, and their shoe-buckles enormously large. Their heads were covered with powdered wigs, surmounted by large fan-tailed greasy hats, in which was usually placed a black cockade. The left thigh bore a very old shabby dirk. It was amusing to observe with what punctilious ceremony these gentlemen and their subalterns addressed each other; how exactly in order they bowed, and held their dirty hats; with what precise forms, and cool deliberations, they combined to pick the pockets of their clients. There were in the crowd a few respectable-looking men, but they were indeed a small proportion; the leading characters

of the profession did not find it necessary to attend these street meetings. In general, the meagre and sharpened features of the persons present, and their keenly piercing eyes, added to their sallow complexions, would have led a pretender in the science of Lavater, to determine the features of their minds with a glance, and to come to no very favourable conclusion."

Manners.—“When a gentleman calls upon another, if he be not intimate at the house, he goes thither in full dress, with a cocked hat, with buckles in his shoes and at the knees, and with a sword or dirk by his side. Having reached the bottom of the stairs, he claps his hands as a signal to attract attention, and utters a sort of sibilant sound, between his teeth and the end of his tongue, as though he pronounced the syllables *chee eū*. The servant, who attends the call, roughly inquires in a nasal tone, ‘Who is it?’ and being told, retires to inform the master of the house, what are the wishes of the visitor. If he be a friend, or one so well known as to be received without ceremony, the master quickly comes to him, and ushers him into the sala, making loud protestations of the pleasure given him by the visit, mixing his complimentary speeches with a great number of bows. Before business is entered upon, if that be the object, repeated apologies are offered for the free mode in which the visitor is received. And, indeed, there is often no little occasion for such apologies, for the gentleman very generally makes his appearance with a beard of many days’ growth, with his black hair in the roughest state, though besmeared with grease, and with no clothing over his cotton shirt. This garment is, indeed, well made, and ornamented with needle-work, especially about the bosom. But then it is commonly worn in the house, so as to expose the breast, and the sleeves are tucked up at the elbows. Or if, by chance, it be secured at the neck and wrists by its globular gold buttons, the flaps appear on the outside, hanging half way down the thighs, over a waistband, which secures round the loins a short pair of trowsers; while the legs are quite bare, and the feet covered with tamancas. All this is not very delicate, more especially

as the skins of the Brazilians abound with hair, and are much sun-burnt about the breast and legs.

“Should the call be a ceremonious one, a servant is sent to conduct the visitor to the sala, from which, as he enters, he often sees the persons who were in the room escaping at the other door. Here he waits alone, it may be, half an hour, when the gentleman appears in a sort of half dress. They both bow profoundly, at a distance; after a sufficiency of skill in this science has been displayed, and thus time gained to ascertain each other’s rank and pretensions, they approach; if unequal, with corresponding dignity and respect; if supposed to be nearly equals, with familiarity. The business is then entered upon, and dispatched at once. These bows between strangers, and this slow approach, I almost love, as they give men some opportunity to measure and appreciate one another, and prevent a thousand awkward blunders, and equally awkward apologies. With my countrymen in general, I participate in an abhorrence of the Brazilian embrace.”

“In the city, persons retire after dinner to their own houses, to take their repose and spend the evening as they please. Out of the city, particularly if moon be nearly full, evening finds the remaining guests in full gaiety of spirits; sleep has dissipated the fumes of wine, if too much had been taken, the company is enlarged by an assemblage of the neighbourhood, the guitar strikes up, for every one can touch it; the song succeeds, generally in soft and plaintive notes, and the dance is not forgotten. In this way the hours of evening pass, or in the ever-varying deals of manilla, in free remarks, and smart replies, in feats of agility and harmless frolics. The reserved character, which seldom fails to make itself conspicuous in the earlier part of the day, wears off, and not unfrequently people run to the opposite extreme. The loose attire of the ladies is peculiarly favourable to the exertion of their limbs, and they engage with great hilarity in the rough, but innocent exercises of the other sex. Here and there a jealous old husband looks after his young and sprightly wife, and she deems it prudent to restrain her gaiety; but

it makes little difference, and occasions no interruption of the general glee.”

“Their feet are the most cleanly parts of their persons, for it is necessary to wash them occasionally, in order to keep them from the injury which the neglected bite of different insects frequently produces. The faces, hands, arms, bosoms and legs, all of which are in both sexes much exposed, are rarely blessed with any cleansing; and hence, more than from a burning sun, acquire a considerable degree of brownness. The skin of young children is commonly fair, but being permitted to roll about continually in the dirt, and being seldom, or carelessly washed, their hue soon becomes as dingy as that of their parents. No such instrument as a small-tooth comb, nor any substitute for it but the fingers, is known in this part of the American continent. Men and women, children and servants, indulge publicly in one of the most disgusting of Portuguese customs; one reclines with his or her head in the lap of another, for a purpose unnameable; even monkeys are taught to fill the same office, and do it with dexterity and pleasure.”

Mr. Luccock made several journeys into the interior, taking with him a guide, horses, provisions and arms; the guide equipped himself with the knife, lasso and balls. The lasso is made of plaited thongs, is about seven yards long, and fixed to the saddle, and is used to entangle oxen and other beasts. The balls are three in number, and are made by filling a purse of soaked hide with wet sand, and then wringing it, when it becomes as hard as a stone. This apparatus, most readers know, is much used in Brazil. A well-trained horse stops when it is thrown, and even rolls against the entangled animal. On the eastern side of the river Gonzales is a great extent of land, called Charqueados—a name whence the charqued beef of Brazil is derived. This district prepares and exports a great deal of that article. When the cattle are killed and skinned, the flesh is taken off from the sides in one broad piece, something like a fitch of bacon; it is then slightly sprinkled with salt, and dried in the sun. To give an idea of the

quantity of meat prepared in this manner, the author mentions an individual of the Charqueados, who, in one year, slaughtered fifty-four thousand head of cattle, and charqued their flesh. After the immense piles of bones thereby collected are picked by vultures, jaguars, and wild dogs, they are usually reduced to lime. The farms in this part of South America are in size from twenty thousand to about six hundred thousand acres; to each three square leagues belong five or six thousand head of cattle, about a hundred horses, and six men. Hogs are generally found near the farm-houses, but sheep are little attended to, both on account of the danger to which they are exposed from beasts of prey, and the prejudice existing in the country against mutton. The breed in the country is ill shaped, and has coarse wool, which is partly used for stuffing beds and mattresses. Every farm has an enclosed place called the Rodeio, where the cattle are occasionally collected, examined, marked, and otherwise treated as circumstances may require.—These few facts are sufficient to show the great capabilities of the country, were it fully peopled and carefully cultivated, and may warrant the hope, that at some distant day it may be the seat of civilization and happiness. The following extract contains a good account of the rural manners and hospitality of Brazil.

"In the abodes of respectable farmers, or rather graziers, there is usually a lodging-room reserved for strangers; to this room their saddles, bridles, and all their baggage, are carefully conveyed. The horses being stripped and led away by slaves, are considered as under the exclusive care of the master of the house, or his servants; and it would be regarded as a want of confidence, if any individual were to show any concern about his beast. By way of marking peculiar attention, a guest is sometimes asked how he would wish the fowls to be dressed. While the supper is preparing, conversation is maintained with spirit, more especially if there be travellers present from different quarters. At supper, which is often graced with a large exhibition of silver plate, the host places himself at the

head of the table, where he stands and helps every one plentifully, using his knife, fork, and fingers indiscriminately. Wine, if produced, is taken as a part of the meal; never after it. The attendants are frequently numerous, seldom, as may be supposed, expert. About eleven o'clock a slave appears, with water and a towel, for the hands and face, and is soon followed by another, with warm and cold water to wash the feet—a most grateful custom in a hot and dusty country. The bedroom being prepared, according to the number of guests, the master conducts them thither, and points out to each where he is to repose himself. The Brazilians do not always undress; where there is nothing to disgust them, Europeans commonly follow their own more refreshing mode. In the morning all put on their uncleaned boots, and, with unshaven chins, meet the host at breakfast, whose beard is, probably, still longer than theirs. Immediately after breakfast the horses make their appearance, and are saddled at the door. A thousand compliments, thanks, and good wishes, are exchanged between the friendly entertainer and his guests, who finally bow from the saddle and depart. Should they return by the same route, to omit to call at the houses where they had been kindly received, would be accounted unpardonable."

[COMMUNICATION.]

In the course of my reading, I frequently detect plagiarisms in the very best writers: though the idea or expression used by two different authors may be so similar that one of them must evidently have received the first impression from the other, yet I think it possible that an idea or certain happy expression may dwell in the mind and memory long after the person has forgotten its origin, and that it may flash upon his mind in the fervour of composition, and be inserted by him in his writings without his being aware that it is not the produce of his own imagination.

The following plagiarisms are those which immediately occur to me; if you think the notice of them amusing or interesting, I can furnish you with many more. I know of no author whose ideas and ex-

pressions have been so frequently made use of as those of the inimitable Shakespeare.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv. scene 2.

"Proteus. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

"Silvia. And so suppose am I; for in his grave Assure thyself my love is buried."

In Horne's "Douglas," lady Randolph exclaims,

"Incapable of change, affection lies Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave."

Diana answers to Bertram's solicitations, (All's well that ends well, act iv. scene 2.)

"Ay, so you serve us Till we serve you; but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, And mock us with our barrenness."

Burns says,

"But my false lover stole my rose, And O! he's left the thorn with me."

Evan Dhu is highly incensed at Waverly for speaking of Fergus as his master. "My master," says he, "is in heaven."

Parolles makes the same remark to Lafew, who had spoken to him of Bertram as his master—(All's well that ends well, act ii. sc. 5.) "Bertram," says he, "is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master."

In Shakespeare's 29th sonnet we have

"Like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate."

Somebody has the following line, but whom it is I cannot remember: "Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings."

One of Burns' most beautiful and most original ideas is his description of midnight, which he calls

"that hour Of night's black arch the key-stone."

The same idea is used by lord Byron in his Monody on Sheridan, talking of the hour of twilight, between sunshine and darkness:

"When Nature makes that melancholy pause, Her breathing moment, on the bridge where Time Of light and darkness forms an arch sub-hime."

Talking of the moon, lord Byron says,

"The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower," &c.

The author of the beautiful song of Mary's Dream, said, long before him,

"The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree."

Wordsworth says,

"Thou happy soul, and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?"

Describing the present state of Greece, lord Byron exclaims,

"Shrine of the mighty, can it be
That is all remains of thee?"

In Savage's fine poem of the "Wanderer," the strain of expression in the hermit's lament for the loss of Olympia, is very similar to that in the confession or narrative delivered by the Giaour to the friar in lord Byron's tale of "The Giaour." Compare that part of the second canto of the Wanderer, beginning at verse 300, with that part of the Giaour's confession beginning "Twas then, I tell thee, father, then," &c.

"To-morrow let us do or die!" exclaims the Indian in Gertrude of Wyoming. Thomas Campbell being a Scotsman, has probably sung, or has heard sung, the famous air of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," where we have,

"Forward! let us do or die!"

The same Campbell has

"Brave hearts, &c.
Soft sigh ye winds of heaven o'er their grave."

Walter Scott wrote an ode on Waterloo, in which we find

"Soft sigh ye breezes o'er the grave
Where sleep the relics of the brave."

Blair speaks in his "Grave" of
"Joys departed not to return."

Burns says,

"Ye mind me of departed joys,
Departed never to return."

As already said, if you think these kind of notices sufficiently interesting for insertion in your miscellany, you shall hear again from

F.

P. S. On looking over the above communication, I discover something like an Iricism in the introduction to the article last quoted—"Blair speaks in his grave."—Poor man! he should be exorcised.

Esop in Rhyme, with some Originals. By Jefferys Taylor, Author of Harry's Holiday. With an Engraving to each Fable. 12mo. pp. 127. London. 1820.

(From the Eclectic Review.)

We doubt whether our old friend Esop has hitherto had due honour paid him by our countrymen. Since the Rev. Dr. Samuel Croxall undertook to be his commentator, neither poet nor divine that we recollect, has cared to make his matchless apologetes the text of a paraphrase or illustration, either in prose or rhyme. La Fontaine is not only still unrivalled, (as, indeed, he is likely to remain,) but stands without competitor. An imitation of the inimitable Frenchman is, we see, advertised, of the merits of which we are unable at present to speak; but Esop, in the mean time, has remained in the humble form of a school edition, with no other adornments than indifferent wood-cuts, and in all the bareness of naked prose.

We very highly commend Mr. Jefferys Taylor for this spirited attempt to do the old Moralist the honours at once of graphical and metrical illustration, in a style which does great credit to the joint efforts of the poet and the artist. The designs are highly narrative, if we may so apply the epithet, and some of them have great humour. The versification is easy and ingenious, often exhibiting a considerable degree of epigrammatic point, and laying claim to the undefinable charm of naïveté. The "moral" has sometimes a turn given to it that is quite original. For instance,

'THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

"An ass, who imagined his virtues neglected,
And saw that his talents were little respected;
Supposing folks judged of his worth by his skin,
Resolv'd the first good one he saw to creep in.
"Soon after, he found the fine coat of a lion;
"O! this," thought the ass, "by all means I will try on."
Which at last he contriv'd to throw over his shoulders;
"Now," said he, "with what awe shall I strike all beholders."
"Then he went to a pond, to survey himself in it,
And when he had stay'd to adjust it a minute,

Had had the last look, and felt sure it would do,
To his neighbours he hasted, to make his *debut*.

"Dear! now," said the beast, "how provoking it is,
Not a soul's to be seen such a fine day as this!"

—I wish, though, it would not hang over one's eyes;
I must try to procure one that's nearer my size."

Just after, he met a stray pig in the road,
So he look'd as terrific and fierce as he could:
But instead of his showing the smallest dismay,
The pig only grunted, and kept on his way.

"He next saw a fox, and, to fright him the more,
He tried, when they met, like a lion to roar:
"Ah!" said Reynard, "think not for a lion to pass,
While you act like a donkey, and bray like an ass."

"Vulgar people well drest will be sure to be known:
For the moment they speak, their vulgarity's shown.

'THE FOX AND THE CROW.
"Crows feed upon worms: yet an author affirms,
Cheshire cheese they will get if they're able;
"For," said he, "I well know, one unprincipled crow
Once purloined a large piece from my table."

Then away darted she, to the shade of a tree,
To deposit the booty within her;
But it never occur'd to the mind of the bird,
That a fox was to have it for dinner.

"How many a slip, 'twixt the cup and the lip,"
(Excuse me, I pray, the digression),
Said a fox to himself, "I can share in the pelf,
If I act with my usual discretion.

"So said he, "Is it you? pray, ma'am, how do you do,
I have long wish'd to pay you a visit;
For a twelvemonth has pass'd, since I heard of you last,
Which is not very neighbourly, is it?"

"But dear madam," said he, "you are dining, I see;
On that subject I'd ask your advice;
Pray, ma'am, now can you tell, where provisions they sell,
That are not an extravagant price?"

"Bread and meat are so dear, and have been for a year,
That poor people can scarcely endure it."

And then *cheese is so high*, that such beggars as I,
 Till it falls, cannot hope to procure it."

'But the ill-behaved bird did not utter a word,

Still intent on retaining her plunder; Thought the fox, "It should seem, this is not a good scheme,

What else can I think of, I wonder?"

'So said Reynard once more, "I ne'er knew it before,
 But your feathers are whiter than snow is!"

But thought he, when he'd said it, "she'll ne'er give it credit.

For what bird is so black as a crow is."

"But I'm told that your voice is a horrible noise,

Which they say of all sounds is the oddest:

But then this is absurd, for it never is heard,

Since you are so excessively modest."

"If that's all," thought the crow, "I will soon let you know

That all doubt on that score may be ended."

Then most laughably piped the poor silly *biped*,

When quickly her dinner descended!

If this *biped* had not been so vain and conceited,

She would not by the fox quite so soon have been cheated;

But perhaps the term *biped* to some may be new,

'Tis a two legged creature—perchance it is you.'

The story of the Chameleon has often been told, but never with more spirit and conciseness than by the present Author. With this we must take our leave of him, cordially recommending his rhymes to our readers.

'Two friends, B and A, were disputing one day,

On a creature they'd both of them seen;

But who would suppose the debate that arose,

Was whether 'twas scarlet or green?

'Said B, "If you're right, I will own black is white,

Or that two, with two added, make eight;"

"And so will I too," replied A, "when you show

That that creature is green as you state."

"Sir, it was, I maintain; I affirm it again:

Am I not to believe my own eyes?"

"It was not," replied A, "it was scarlet I say,

Which none but a madman denies."

Then said C, "My good fellow you'll find it is yellow,

You surely have never been near it."

"That cannot be true, for I'm certain 'twas blue."

Said another who happened to hear it.

"O! said D, "it's absurd! if you'll credit my word,

The creature was brown as a berry."

"Not brown, Sir," said Jack, "when I saw it, 'twas black;"

Then the neighbours began to be merry.

"Come," said E, "hold your tongue, you are all of you wrong,

Or, at least, you are none of you right.

Then a box he display'd, where the creature was laid,

When this marvellous lizard was white!

"Good people," said I, "a chameleon's dye.

He can change any colour to suit; Now if this had been known, all must candidly own,

You would not have commenced the dispute."

'This great altercation show'd small information,

As such disputes constantly do; For ignorant minds, one most commonly finds,

Are excessively positive too.'

LIFE OF WARREN.

(From Knapp's Biographical Sketches of Eminent Lawyers, Statesmen and Men of Letters.)

Joseph Warren was born in Roxbury, near Boston, in the year 1741. His father was a respectable farmer in that place, who had held several municipal offices, to the acceptance of his fellow citizens. JOSEPH, with several of his brothers, was instructed in the elementary branches of knowledge, at the public grammar school of the town, which was distinguished for its successive instructors of superior attainments. In 1755, he entered college, where he sustained the character of a youth of talents, fine manners, and of a generous, independent deportment, united to great personal courage and perseverance. An anecdote will illustrate his fearlessness and determination at that age, when character can hardly be said to be formed. Several students of WARREN's class shut themselves in a room to arrange some college affairs, in a way which they knew was contrary to his wishes, and barred the door so effectually that he could not without great violence force it, but he

did not give over the attempt of getting among them, for perceiving that the window of the room in which they were assembled was open, and near a spout which extended from the roof of the building to the ground, he went to the top of the house, slid down to the eaves, seized the spout and when he had descended as far as the window, threw himself into the chamber among them. At that instant the spout, which was decayed and weak, gave way and fell to the ground. He looked at it without emotion, said that it had served his purpose, and began to take his part in the business. A spectator of this feat, and narrow escape, related this fact to me in the college yard, nearly half a century afterwards, and the impression it made on his mind was so strong, that he seemed to feel the same emotion, as though it happened but an hour before.

On leaving college in 1759, WARREN turned his attention to the study of medicine, under the direction of Doctor LLOYD, an eminent physician of that day, whose valuable life has been protracted almost to the present time. WARREN was distinguished very soon after he commenced practice, for when in 1764, the small pox spread in Boston, he was among the most successful in his method of treating that disease, which was then considered the most dreadful scourge of the human race, and the violence of which had baffled the efforts of the learned faculty of medicine from the time of its first appearance. From this moment he stood high among his brethren, and was the favourite of the people, and what he gained in their good will, he never lost. His personal appearance, his address, his courtesy and his humanity, won the way to the hearts of all, and his knowledge and superiority of talents secured the conquest. A bright and lasting fame in his profession, with the attendant consequences, wealth and influence, were within his reach, and near at hand; but the calls of a distracted country were paramount to every consideration of his own interests, and he entered the vortex of politics, never to return to the peaceful course of professional labour.

The change in public opinion had been gradually preparing the minds

of most men for a revolution. This was not openly avowed; amelioration of treatment for the present, and assurances of kindness in future, were all that the colonies asked from Great Britain—but these they did not receive. The mother country mistook the spirit of her children, and used threats when kindness would have been the best policy. When Britain declared her right to direct, govern, and tax us in any form, and at all times, the colonies reasoned, remonstrated and entreated for a while; and when these means did not answer, they defied and resisted. The political writers of the province had been active and busy, but they were generally screened by fictitious names, or sent their productions anonymously into the world; but the time had arrived when speakers of nerve and boldness were wanted to raise their voices against oppression in every shape. **WARREN** possessed first rate qualities for an orator, and had early declared in the strongest terms his political sentiments, which were somewhat in advance of public opinion, for he held as tyranny all taxation, which, could be imposed by the British parliament upon the colonies. In times of danger, the people are sagacious, and cling to those who best can serve them, and every eye was on him in every emergency, for he had not only the firmness and decision they wished for in a leader, but was prudent and wary in all his plans. His first object was to enlighten the people, and then he felt sure of engaging their feelings in the general cause. He knew when once they began, it would be impossible to tread back—independence only would satisfy the country. With an intention of directing public sentiment, without appearing to be too active, he met frequently with a considerable number of substantial mechanics, and others in the middling classes of society, who were busy in politics. This crisis required such a man as they found him to be, one who could discern the signs of the times, and mould the ductile materials to his will, and at the same time seem only to follow in the path of others. His letter to **BARNARD**, which attracted the notice of government, had been written several years before, in 1768; but in some form or other he was

constantly enlightening the people by his pen; but it is now difficult, and of no great importance, to trace him in the papers of that period. The public was not then always right in designating the authors of political essays. In the different situations in which he was called to act, he assumed as many characters as fable has ever given to the tutelar god of his profession, and like him, in every one of them he retained the wisdom to guide, and the power to charm. At one time he might be found restraining the impetuosity, and bridling the fury of those hot-headed politicians, who felt more than they reasoned, and dared to do more than became men. Such was his versatility, that he turned from these lectures of caution and prudence, to asserting and defending the most bold and undisguised principles of liberty, and defying in their very teeth the agents of the crown. Twice he was elected to deliver the oration on the 5th of March, in commemoration of the *massacre*, and his orations are among the most distinguished produced by that splendid list of speakers who addressed their fellow citizens on this subject so interesting to them all. In these productions generally the immediate causes of this event were overlooked, and the remote ones alone were discussed. Here they were on safe ground, for tyranny in its incipient stages has no excuse from opposition; but in its march it generally finds some plausible arguments for its proceedings, drawn from the very resistance it naturally produces. These occasions gave the orators a fine field for remark, and a fair opportunity for effect. The great orators of antiquity in their speeches attempted only to rouse the people to retain what they possessed. Invective, entreaty, and pride had their effect in assisting these mighty masters to influence the people. They were ashamed to lose what their fathers left them, won by their blood, and so long preserved by their wisdom, their virtues and their courage. Our statesmen had a harder task to perform, for they were compelled to call on the people to gain what they had never enjoyed—an independent rank and standing among the nations of the world.

His next oration was delivered March 6th, 1775. It was at his own

solicitation that he was appointed to this duty a second time. The fact is illustrative of his character, and worthy of remembrance. Some British officers of the army then in Boston had publicly declared that it should be at the price of the life of any man to speak of the event of March 5, 1770, on that anniversary. **WARREN**'s soul took fire at such a threat, so openly made, and he wished for the honour of braving it. This was readily granted, for at such a time a man would probably find but few rivals. Many who would spurn the thought of personal fear, might be apprehensive that they would be so far disconcerted as to forget their discourse. It is easier to fight bravely, than to think clearly or correctly in danger: Passion sometimes nerves the arm to fight, but disturbs the regular current of thought. The day came, and the weather was remarkably fine. The Old South Meeting-house was crowded at an early hour. The British officers occupied the aisles, the flight of steps to the pulpit, and several of them were within it. It was not precisely known whether this was accident or design. The orator with the assistance of his friends made his entrance at the pulpit window by a ladder. The officers seeing his coolness and intrepidity, made way for him to advance and address the audience. An awful stillness preceded his exordium. Each man felt the palpitations of his own heart, and saw the pale but determined face of his neighbour. The speaker began his oration in a firm tone of voice, and proceeded with great energy and pathos. **WARREN** and his friends were prepared to chastise contumely, prevent disgrace, and avenge an attempt at assassination.

The scene was sublime; a patriot in whom the flush of youth, and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the sanctuary of God, to animate and encourage the sons of liberty, and to hurl defiance at their oppressors. The orator commenced with the early history of the country, described the tenure by which we held our liberties and property—the affection we had constantly shown the parent country, and boldly told them how, and by whom these blessings of life had been violated. There was in

this appeal to Britain—in this description of suffering, agony and horror, a calm and high souled defiance which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour has seldom happened in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations. The thunders of Demosthenes rolled at a distance from Philip and his host; and Tully poured the fiercest torrent of his invective when Catiline was at a distance and his dagger no longer to be feared, but WARREN's speech was made to proud oppressors resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight.

If the deed of Brutus deserved to be commemorated by history, poetry, painting and sculpture, should not this instance of patriotism and bravery be held in lasting remembrance? If he

"That struck the foremost man of all this world,"

was hailed as the first of freemen, what honours are not due to him, who undismayed bearded the British lion, to show the world what his countrymen dared to do in the cause of liberty? If the statue of Brutus was placed among those of the gods, who were the preservers of Roman freedom, should not that of WARREN fill a lofty niche in the temple reared to perpetuate the remembrance of our birth as a nation?

If Independence was not at first openly avowed by our leading men at that time, the hope of attaining it was fondly cherished, and the exertions of the patriots pointed to this end. The wise knew that the storm, which the political Prospers were raising, would pass away in blood. With these impressions on his mind, WARREN for several years was preparing himself by study and observation to take a conspicuous rank in the military arrangements which he knew must ensue.

On the 18th of April, 1775, by his agents in Boston, he discovered the design of the British commander to seize or destroy our few stores at Concord. He instantly dispatched several confidential messengers to Lexington. The late venerable patriot, PAUL REVERE, was one of them. This gentleman has given a very interesting account of the difficulties he encountered in the dis-

charge of this duty. The alarm was given, and the militia, burning with resentment, were at day-break, on the 19th, on the road to repel insult and aggression. The drama was opened about sunrise, within a few yards of the house of God, in Lexington. WARREN hastened to the field of action, in the full ardour of his soul, and shared the dangers of the day. While pressing on the enemy, a musket ball took off a lock of his hair close to his ear. The lock was rolled and pinned, after the fashion of that day, and considerable force must have been necessary to have cut it away. The people were delighted with his cool, collected bravery, and already considered him as a leader, whose gallantry they were to admire, and in whose talents they were to confide. On the 14th of June, 1775, the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts made him a major-general of their forces, but previous to the date of his commission, he had been unceasing in his exertions to maintain order and enforce discipline among the troops, which had hastily assembled at Cambridge, after the battle of Lexington. He mingled in the ranks, and by every method and argument strove to inspire them with confidence, and succeeded in a most wonderful manner in imparting to them a portion of the flame which glowed in his own breast. At such a crisis genius receives its birth-right—the homage of inferior minds, who for self-preservation are willing to be directed. Previous to receiving the appointment of major-general, he had been requested to take the office of physician-general to the army, but he chose to be where wounds were to be made, rather than where they were to be healed. Yet he lent his aid and advice to the medical department of the army, and was of great service to them in their organization and arrangements.

He was at this time President of the Provincial Congress, having been elected the preceding year a member from the town of Boston. In this body he discovered his extraordinary powers of mind, and his peculiar fitness for responsible offices at such a juncture. Cautious in proposing measures, he was assiduous in pursuing what he thought, after mature deliberation to be right,

and never counted the probable cost of a measure, when he had decided that it was necessary to be taken. When this Congress, which was sitting at Watertown, adjourned for the day, he mounted his horse and hastened to the camp. Every day "he bought golden opinions of all sorts of men;" and when the troops were called to act on Breed's Hill, he had so often been among them, that his person was known to most of the soldiers.

Several respectable historians have fallen into some errors in describing the battle in which he fell, by giving the command of the troops on that day to WARREN, when he was only a volunteer in the fight. He did not arrive on the battle ground until the enemy had commenced their movements for the attack. As soon as he made his appearance on the field, the veteran commander of the day, colonel PRESCOTT, desired to act under his directions, but WARREN declined taking any other part than that of a volunteer, and added that he came to learn the art of war from an experienced soldier, whose orders he should be happy to obey. In the battle he was armed with a musket, and stood in the ranks, now and then changing his place to encourage his fellow soldiers by words and example. He undoubtedly, from the state of hostilities, expected soon to act in his high military capacity, and it was indispensable, according to his views, that he should share the dangers of the field as a common soldier with his fellow citizens, that his reputation for bravery might be put beyond the possibility of suspicion. The wisdom of such a course would never have been doubted, if he had returned in safety from the fight. In such a struggle for independence, the ordinary rules of prudence and caution could not govern those who were building up their names for future usefulness by present exertions. Some maxims drawn from the republican writers of antiquity were worn as their mottos. Some precepts descriptive of the charms of liberty, were ever on their tongues, and some classical model of Greek, or Roman patriotism, was constantly in their minds. Instances of great men mixing in the ranks of common soldiers, were to be found in ancient times, when men fought

for their altars and their homes. The cases were parallel, and the examples were imposing. When the battle was decided, and our people fled, WARREN was one of the last who left the breast-work, and was slain within a few yards of it, as he was slowly retiring. He probably felt mortified at the event of the day, but had he known how dearly the victory was purchased, and how little honour was gained by those who won it, his heart might have been at rest. Like the band of Leonidas, the vanquished have received by the judgment of nations, from which there is no appeal, the imperishable laurels of victors. His death brought a sickness to the heart of the community, and the people mourned his fall, not with the convulsive agony of a betrothed virgin over the bleeding corse of her lover—but with the pride of the Spartan mother, who in the intensity of her grief, smiled to see that the wounds whence life had flown, were on the breast of her son—and was satisfied that he had died in defence of his country. The worth of the victim, and the horror of the sacrifice gave a higher value to our liberties, and produced a more fixed determination to preserve them.

The battle of Bunker Hill has often been described, and of late its minutest details given to the public, but never was the military, moral and political character of that event more forcibly drawn, than in the following extract from the North American Review, for July, 1818.

"The incidents and the result of the battle itself were most important, and indeed most wonderful. As a mere battle, few surpass it in whatever engages and interests the attention. It was fought, on a conspicuous eminence, in the immediate neighbourhood of a populous city; and consequently in the view of thousands of spectators. The attacking army moved over a sheet of water to the assault. The operations and movements were of course all visible and all distinct. Those who looked on from the houses and heights of Boston had a fuller view of every important operation and event, than can ordinarily be had of any battle, or than can possibly be had of such as are fought on a more extended ground, or by detachments of troops acting

in different places, and at different times, and in some measure independently of each other. When the British columns were advancing to the attack, the flames of Charlestown, fired, as is generally supposed, by a shell, began to ascend. The spectators, far out-numbering both armies, thronged and crowded on every height and every point which afforded a view of the scene; themselves constituted a very important part of it.

"The troops of the two armies seemed like so many combatants in an amphitheatre. The manner in which they should acquitted themselves, was to be judged of, not as in other cases of military engagements, by reports and future history, but by a vast and anxious assembly already on the spot, and waiting with unspeakable concern and emotion the progress of the day.

"In other battles the recollection of wives and children, has been used as an excitement to animate the warrior's breast and nerve his arm. Here was not a mere recollection, but an actual presence of them, and other dear connexions, hanging on the skirts of the battle, anxious and agitated, feeling almost as if wounded themselves by every blow of the enemy, and putting forth, as it were, their own strength, and all the energy of their own throbbing bosoms, into every gallant effort of their warring friends.

"But there was a more comprehensive and vastly more important view of that day's contest, than has been mentioned—a view, indeed, which ordinary eyes, bent intently on what was immediately before them, did not embrace, but which was perceived in its full extent and expansion by minds of a higher order. Those men who were at the head of the colonial councils, who had been engaged for years in the previous stages of the quarrel with England, and who had been accustomed to look forward to the future, were well apprised of the magnitude of the events likely to hang on the business of that day. They saw in it not only a battle, but the beginning of a civil war, of unmeasured extent and uncertain issue. All America and all England were likely to be deeply concerned in the consequences. The individuals

themselves, who knew full well what agency they had had, in bringing affairs to this crisis, had need of all their courage—not that disregard of personal safety, in which the vulgar suppose true courage to consist, but that high and fixed moral sentiment, that steady and decided purpose, which enables men to pursue a distant end, with a full view of the difficulties and dangers before them, and with a conviction, that, before they arrived at the proposed end, should they ever reach it, they must pass through evil report as well as good report, and be liable to obloquy, as well as to defeat.

"Spirits, that fear nothing else, fear disgrace; and this danger is necessarily encountered by those who engage in civil war. Unsuccessful resistance is not only ruin to its authors, but is esteemed, and necessarily so, by the laws of all countries, treasonable. This is the case, at least till resistance becomes so general and formidable, as to assume the form of regular war. But who can tell, when resistance commences, whether it will attain even to that degree of success? Some of those persons who signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, described themselves as signing it, "as with halts about their necks." If there were grounds for this remark in 1776, when the cause had become so much more general, how much greater was the hazard, when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought?

"These considerations constituted, to enlarged and liberal minds, the moral sublimity of the occasion; while to the outward senses the movement of armies, the roar of artillery, the brilliancy of the reflection of a summer's sun, from the burnished armour of the British columns, and the flames of a burning town, made up a scene of extraordinary grandeur."

This eminence has become sacred ground. It contains in its bosom the ashes of the brave who died fighting to defend their altars and their homes. Strangers from all countries visit this spot, for it is associated in their memories with Marathon and Platææ, and all the mighty struggles of determined free-men. Our citizens love to wander over this field—the aged to awake recollections, and the youthful to

excite heroic emotions. The battle-ground is now all plainly to be seen—the spirit of modern improvement, which would stop the streams of Helicon, to turn a mill, and cause to be felled the trees of Paradise to make a rafter, has yet spared this hallowed height.

If "the days of chivalry be gone forever," and the high and enthusiastic feelings of generosity and magnanimity be not so widely diffused as in more heroic ages, yet it cannot be denied but that there have been, and still are, individuals whose bosoms are warmed with a spirit as glowing and ethereal, as ever swelled the heart of "mailed knight," who in the ecstasies of love, religion and martial glory, joined the war-cry on the plains of Palestine, or proved his steel on the infidel foe. The history of every revolution is interspersed with brilliant episodes of individual prowess. The pages of our own history, when fully written out, will sparkle profusely with these gems of romantic valour.

The calmness and indifference of the veteran "in clouds of dust and seas of blood," can only be acquired by long acquaintance with the trade of death; but the heights of Charlestown will bear eternal testimony how suddenly in the cause of freedom the peaceful citizen can become the invincible warrior—stung by oppression, he springs forward from his tranquil pursuits, undaunted by opposition, and undismayed by danger, to fight even to death for the defence of his rights. Parents, wives, children, and country, all the hallowed properties of existence, are to him the talisman that takes fear from his heart, and nerves his arm to victory.

In the requiem over those who have fallen in the cause of their country, which

"Time with his own eternal lips shall sing,"

the praises of Warren shall be distinctly heard.

The blood of those patriots who have fallen in the defence of republics has often "cried from the ground" against the ingratitude of the country for which it was shed. No monument was reared to their fame; no record of their virtues written; no fostering hand extended to their offspring—but they and

their deeds were neglected and forgotten. Towards Warren there was no ingratitude—our country is free from this stain. Congress were the guardians of his honour, and remembered that his children were unprotected orphans. Within a year after his death, Congress passed the following resolutions.

"That a monument be erected to the memory of general Warren, in the town of Boston, with the following inscription:—

IN HONOUR OF
JOSEPH WARREN,
MAJOR-GENERAL OF MASSA-
CHUSETTS BAY.
HE DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO THE LIBER-
TIES OF HIS COUNTRY,
AND IN BRAVELY DEFENDING THEM,
FELL AN EARLY VICTIM IN THE
BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL,

JUNE 17, 1775.

The Congress of the United States, as an acknowledgment of his services and distinguished merit, have erected this monument to his memory.

It was resolved likewise, "That the eldest son of general Warren should be educated from that time at the expense of the United States." On the first of July, 1780, Congress recognizing these former resolutions, further resolved, "That it should be recommended to the executive of Massachusetts Bay to make provision for the maintenance and education of his three younger children. And that Congress would defray the expense to the amount of the half pay of a major-general, to commence at the time of his death, and continue till the youngest of the children should be of age." The part of the resolutions relating to the education of the children, was carried into effect accordingly. The monument is not yet erected, but it is not too late. The shade of Warren will not repine at this neglect, while the ashes of Washington repose without grave-stone or epitaph.

WARWICK'S SPARE MINUTES.
"O give me spare men, and spare me great ones."

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

This reprint of a work of an early period of the 17th century has,

we observe, been induced by a paper in the Retrospective Review, and the consequent inquiries for the original publication. It is very neatly done, and neither discredits the reviewer's judgment in its text, nor the printer's taste in its fashion. Indeed, it is the peculiar character of this periodical, that while its contemporaries are toiling on the trifles of the day, it has the whole field of literature open to it, and should it not bring forward what is excellent, the fault must be in its own want of selection, and not in the want of materials for its subjects. But from the numbers we have seen of it, we are free to render it the just tribute of being a very agreeable and entertaining miscellany, recalling the memory of books which ought not to be so dimly recollected as they too generally are, and by no means unskillfully directing attention to what are not only pleasing in themselves, but valuable as data on which to contrast the productions of our own time, with those of former ages of English letters. Having said this much of the cause of *Spare Minutes* being revived, we shall, as briefly as possible, bring that work before our readers.

Of its author little is known, except that he was a clergyman. His style is quaint and fanciful, a perfect chain of antitheses, and not always logical in its forms. Indeed, we think there are about as many *non sequiturs* to his syllogisms, as there are correct conclusions, and that he affords as many examples of the rhetorical figure called *logismus*, as of reason and argument. This arises from the laboured composition of words, which, though peculiar to his era, we never saw carried to greater excess than by this author, who is as inveterate in his way, as George Lilly was with his euphemism. He is nevertheless often forcible in his language, often curious in his illustrations, often original in his thoughts, and always benevolent in his inculcations, and pious in his principles. A few instances will serve to show this, and exhibit the punning peculiarities of his manner.

"Had I not more confidence in the truth of my Saviour, than in the traditions of men, poverty might stagger my faith, and bring my thoughts into a perplexed purgatory.

Wherein are the poore blessed, if pardon shall bee purchased only by expense? Or how is it hard for a rich man to enter into Heaven, if money may buy out the past, present, and future sinnes of himselfe, his deceased and succeeding progeny? If heaven bee thus sold, what benefit has my poverty, by the price already paid? I find no happinesse in roome on earth. 'Tis happinesse for me to have roome in Heaven."

"When I see the fisher bait his hook, I thinke on Satan's subtile malice, who sugars over his poysened hooks with seeming pleasures. Thus Eve's apple was candied with divine knowledge, *yee shall be as Gods, knowing good and evill.* When I see the fish fast hanged, I thinke upon the covetous worldling, who leapes at the profit without considering the danger. Thus Achan takes the gold and the garment, and ne're consideres that his life must answer it. If Satan bee such a fisher of men, it's good to looke before wee leape. Honey may be eaten, so that wee take heed of the sting: I will honestly enjoy my delights, but not buy them with danger."

"I cannot see too sawyers work at the pit, but they put mee in minde of the Pharisee and the Publican: the one casts his eye upward, whilst his actions tend to the pit infernal: the other standing with a dejected countenance, whilst his hands and heart move upward. 'Tis not a shame to make shew of our profession, so wee truly professe what wee make shew of: but of the two, I had rather bee good, and not seeme so, than seeme good, and not bee so. The Publican went home to his house rather justified than the Pharisee."

"It is not good to speake evill of all whom wee know bad: it is worse to judge evill of any, who may prove good. To speake ill upon knowledge, shewes a want of charity: to speake ill upon suspition shewes a want of honesty. I will not speake so bad as I know of many: I will not speake worse than I know of any. To know evill by others, and not speak it, is sometimes discretion: to speake evill by others, and not know it, is always dishonesty. Hee may bee evill himselfe who speakes good of others upon knowledge, but hee can never

bee good himselfe, who speakes evill of others upon suspition."

"A bad great one is a great bad one. For the greatnessse of an evill man makes the man's evill the greater. It is the unhappy priviledge of authority, not so much to act, as teach wickednesse, and by a libeरall cruelty, to make the offender's sinne not more his owne than others. Each fault in a leader is not so much a crime, as a rule for error; and their vices are made (if not warrants, yet) precedents for evill. To sinne by prescription, is as usuall as damnable: and men run post in their journey, when they goe to the divell with authority. When then the vices of the rulers of others, are made the rules for vices to others, the offences of all great ones must needs bee the greatest of all offences. Either then let me bee great in goodnesse, or else it were good for me to bee without greatnessse. My owne sinnes are a burthen too hearie for me, why then should I lade myselfe with other offences."

"The gentle and harmlesse sheepe being conscious of their owne innocency, how patiently, how quietly, doe they receive the knife, either on the altar, or in the shambles! How silently and undaunted doe they meet death and give it entrance with small resistance! When the filthie, loathsome and harmfull swine roarre horribly at the first handling, and with an hideous crying reluctancy, are haled, and held to the slaughter. This seemes some cause to me, why wicked men (conscious of their filthie lives and nature) so tremble at the remembrances, startle at the name, and with horrour roarre at the approach of death: when the godly quietly uncloath themselves of their lives, and make small difference 'twixt a naturall night's short sleepe, and the long sleepe of nature. I will pray not to come to an untimely violent death; I will not violently resist death at the time when it commeth. I will expect and waite my change with patience, imbrace it with cheerfulnessse, and never feare it as a totall privation."

"The men of most credit in our time, are the usurers, for they credit most men: and though their greatest study bee security, yet it is usually their fortune to bee fullest of care. Time is pretious to them:

for they thinke a day broke to them, is worth a broke-age from their creditor. Yet this they finde by use, that as they have much profit by putting out, so must they have much care to get it in. For debtors are of Themistocles his minde, and take not so much care how to repay all, as how they may not pay at all their creditors, and make this their first resolution, how they may make no resolution at all. I envy not therefore the usurers' gaines, but considering they (as merchant-adventurers) send abroad their estates in uncertaine vessels, sometime into the bankrupt rivers of prodigality and unthriftinesse, sometimes into the seas of casualties and misfortunes, that many times their principall comes short home, I thinke, with my selfe, let them gaine much by the adventure, that adventure so much to gaine. I will make this use of those uses, as to claime no interest in their gaines, nor to owe any thing to any man but love. If I lend where need is, and receive my principall againe, I will accompt that my principal gaine, and thinke my courtesie but a commanded charity."

"When a storme drives mee to shelter mee under a tree, I finde that if the storme bee little, the tree defends mee, but if the storme bee great, the tree not onely not defends mee, but powreth on mee that wet which it selfe had received, and so maketh mee much wetter. Hence instructed, I resolve that if improvidently I fall into some small danger of the lawes, I will presume to seeke shelter under the armes of some potent friend; but if the tempest of my trouble bee too potent for my friend, I will rather beare all my selfe, than involve my friend in the danger. It would bee bad enough for mee to bee drencht with, or distrest by the storme of the lawe's anger onely; it would be worse to be drowned with the anger of my stormeing friend also. My conscience of my ill deserving towards the lawes would inforce a patience: my remembrance of my well deserving to my friend would make the just addition of his anger intollerable."

* This is one of the examples of the *lucus non lucendo*.

We shall finish with a sample of the author's poetry:—

"The last thing the Author wrote a few days before his death.

"A bubble broke, its aire looseth,
By which loose the bubble's lost,
Each frost the fairest flowers brooseth
Whose lives vanish with that frost.
Then wonder not we die, if life be
such.

But rather wonder whence it is we live
so much.

Tales long or short, whether offending
Or well pleasing, have their end.

The glasse runnes, yet the set-time
ending,

Every atom doth descend.

If life be such (as such life is, 'tis sure)
When tales and times find ends, why
should life still endure?

This world is but a walke of paine
That has onely end by death,
This life's a waire in which we gaine
Conquest by the losse of breath.
Who would not warfare and travells
cease,

To live at home in rest, and rest at
home in peace?

Nothing here but constant paines,
Or unconstant pleasures be:
Worthless treasures, losing gaines,
Scantie store, chain'd liberty.
If life afford the best no better fate,
How welcome is that death, that bet-
ters that bad state!

What's the earth when trimmest drest
To that cristall spangled dwelling?
Yet the saint in glory least
Is in glory farre excelling.

Glorious Redeemer, let this earth of
mine

Thy glorious body see, and in thy glo-
ry shine.

Oft I see the darksome night
To a glorious day returning:
As oft doth sleepe intombe my sight,
Yet I wakke againe at morning.
Bright sunne retурne, when sleepe hath
spent death's night,
That these dimme eyes of mine may in
thy light see light."

Leslie's Illustrations of Kenilworth.

[From the Examiner.]

Those who have read the novel of *Kenilworth* (and who have not?) will derive much pleasure from the *Illustrations* just published by Messrs. Hurst and Co. For our parts, we have never seen a set of book Prints that, upon the whole, gave us more delight. The designs are all by Mr. Leslie, the painter of the so-much admired picture of *May-day* in the last Royal Academy Exhibition; and his fine powers seem to increase with the exercise of them. He has done ample justice to the accomplished author of the tale.—

The luckless Countess appears before us, "in flower of youth and beauty's pride,"—fresh from the hands of her assiduous waiting maid, Janet—looking as one

"Made to engage all hearts and charm
all eyes."

The meeting of Leicester and the Countess at Kenilworth is also full of merit: the Earl is as remarkable for manly elegance as his impassioned bride is for grace and loveliness.—The gallantry of Raleigh, in spreading his cloak under the haughty feet of Elizabeth, is well represented; but the principal figures in this print would have been seen to much better effect, had the attendants been kept more in the back ground.—The entry of Queen Elizabeth into the Castle is admirably managed; and the engraver (Englehart) has been eminently successful in the tone and delicacy of his work. It is perhaps the best engraving of the seven, though they all possess considerable merit. Mr. Charles Heath's contrasts are in general too sudden: in labouring to give effect, he sacrifices higher things. Does he not admire the nice gradations and mellow tones in Englehart's print just alluded to? If not, we shall not vouch for his taste.—Mr. Rolls has talent; but he should be more correct in the play of his line.—Romney is somewhat metallic.—These are the only engravings we have seen after Mr. Leslie, and we believe they are the first,—at least of this narrative kind,—that have been published. He has only to put forth a few more such elegant specimens, to take a high rank in the department he has selected for the display of his various powers. He is doubtless aware, that the only way to be great in Art, is never to lose sight of Nature.

VARIETIES.

In the 5th of queen Mary, 1558, there was such a thin term that there was but one lawyer in the king's bench, Mr. Foster, and one sergeant, Mr. Bouloise, at the Common Pleas; both having little more to do than to look about them, and the judges not more to do than the lawyers, who in the quiet times were much increased, as may be gathered from the words of Hei-

wood, the old epigrammatist, and one much made of by this queen, who being told of the great number of them, and that the multitude of them would impoverish the whole profession, made answer—"No, for that always the more spaniels there were in the field, the more was the game."

Imprisonment for debt is said to have been first introduced in favour of the barons, "to enable them to bring their stewards to book." This practice has been condemned by two very different but equally eminent men. Dr. Johnson disapproved of it; and Mr. Horne Tooke declared that "it operated as an illusory satisfaction to the injured, contributed to the ruin of innocence as well as the triumph of guilt, and was beneficial to none but marshals, turnkeys, and attorneys."

There are many readers of poetry, we believe, (at least among those not acquainted with the Greek language) who will not differ much in opinion with the author of *Clarissa Harlowe* respecting Homer. "I admire you," says Richardson in a letter to a fair friend, "for what you say of the fierce fighting *Iliad*. Scholars, judicious scholars, dared they to speak out against a prejudice of thousands of years in its favour, I am persuaded would find it possible for Homer to nod at least. I am afraid this poem, noble as it truly is, has done infinite mischief for a series of ages; since to it, and its copy the *Eneid*, is owing in a great measure the savage spirit that has actuated, from the earliest ages to this time, the fighting fellows, that, worse than lions or tigers, have ravaged the earth and made it a field of blood."—Richardson, however, was not without his jealousies and prejudices. He could discern, for instance, no merit either in Sterne or Fielding; and said (as Wordsworth, we have heard, has said of Byron) that *Tom Jones* would not be read many months!

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